





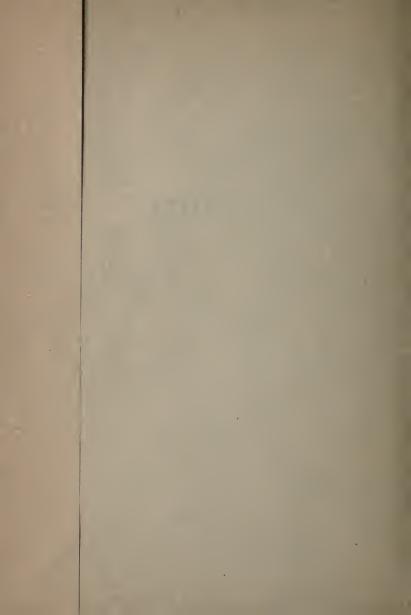


ECHOES

FROMTHE

ORATORY

Newman

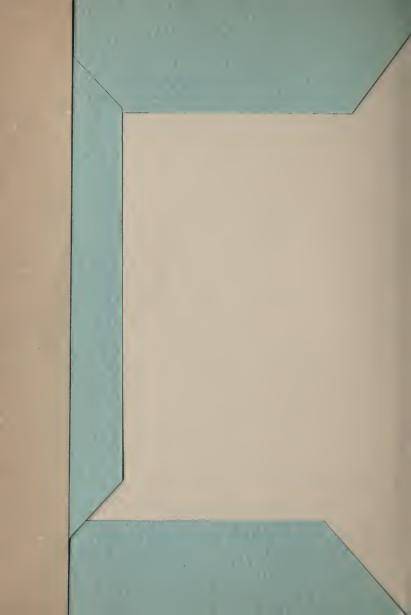


ECHOE S

FROM THE

ORATORY

Newman





# REV. C. W. SULLIVAN BRAMPTON

## ECHOES

FROM

### THE ORATORY.

mutikaled SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS

OF THE

REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

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#### NOTE.

If any apology were needed for the presentation to the Protestant public of poems whose author belongs to another communion, it might be found in the precedent that a few at least of our most familiar hymns have had their origin in the Oratory. But it is believed that no such precedent need be pleaded. However wide may be denominational differences, however bitter at times may be the warfare waged by theologians, no one will question the value of that poetry in whose broad catholicity dogma and lesser doctrine is forgotten, as the author hymns the

(3)

praises of the Incarnate God. Who will refuse to read the "New Jerusalem" because Bernard of Cluny may have differed from the reader in his theological tenets? Is the "Dies Iræ" to remain unread by Protestants because Thomas of Celano was a Roman Catholic?

Of the author of these poems nothing need be said. An explanation of the principle upon which this selection of his poems has been made may not, however, be out of . place. The compiler has endeavored to select, first, those poems which are free from all reference to the teachings peculiar to the Church of Rome; and, second, those which, in his judgment, possess the greatest literary merit. The broad catholicity of the author has rendered the first part of the compiler's task an easy one, while in selecting the poems, from a literary point of

view, he has been embarrassed by an abundance rather than by any scarcity of material. The only poem which has been abridged to any extent is the "Dream of Gerontius," whose length, as well as the pronounced Romish character of certain portions, rendered abridgment necessary. It is hoped no injustice has been done the author through any error of judgment on the part of the compiler in making this selection—certainly none has been intended.

| Villamoush | mulilated

I have no sway amid the crowd, no art
In speech, no place in council or in mart.
Nor human law, nor judges throned on
high,

Smile on my face, and to my words reply.

Let others seek earth's honors; be it mine

One law to cherish, and to track one line,

Straight on towards heaven to press with single bent,

To know and love my God, and then to die content.

#### A THANKSGIVING.

"Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."

LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice

First quicken'd love divine;

I am all Thine—Thy care and choice,

My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence In childhood frail I trace,

For blessings given, ere dawning sense

Could seek or scan Thy grace;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,

Bright dreams, and fancyings strange;

Blessings, when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range;

Blessings of friends, which to my

Unask'd, unhoped, have come; And, choicer still, a countless store Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw Thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear, Heart-pang, or throbbing brow; Sweet was the chastisement severe And sweet its memory now.

Yes! let the fragrant scars abide, Love-tokens in Thy stead, Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side

And thorn-encompass'd head.

And such Thy tender force be still, When self would swerve or stray, Shaping to truth the froward will Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth; far, far remove
The lure of power or name;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness
love,

And faith in this world's shame.

#### JEREMIAH.

"O that I had in the wilderness a lodgingplace of wayfaring men; that I might leave my people, and go from them!"

"Woe's me!" the peaceful prophet cried,

"Spare me this troubled life;
To stem man's wrath, to school his
pride,

To head the sacred strife!

"O place me in some silent vale, Where groves and flowers abound;

Nor eyes that grudge, nor tongues that rail,

Vex the truth-haunted ground!"

If his meek spirit err'd, opprest
That God denied repose,
What sin is ours, to whom Heav-

en's rest

Is pledged, to heal earth's woes?
(10)

REV. C. W. SULLIVAN BRAMPTON

#### THE GREEK FATHERS.

LET heathen sing thy heathen praise,

Fall'n Greece! the thought of holier days

In my sad heart abides;

For sons of thine in Truth's first hour

Were tongues and weapons of His power,

Born of the Spirit's fiery shower, Our fathers and our guides.

All thine is Clement's varied page
And Dionysius, ruler sage,
In days of doubt and pain;
And Origen with eagle eye;
And saintly Basil's purpose high
To smite imperial heresy,
And cleanse the Altar's stain.

From thee the glorious preacher came,

With soul of zeal and lips of flame,
A court's stern martyr-guest;
And thine, O inexhaustive race!
Was Nazianzen's heaven-taught
grace;

And royal-heated Athanase, With Paul's own mantle blest.

#### DAVID AND JONATHAN.

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women,"

O HEART of fire! misjudged by wilful man,

Thou flower of Jesse's race!

What woe was thine, when thou and Jonathan

Last greeted face to face!

He doom'd to die, thou on us to impress

The portent of a blood-stain'd holiness.

Yet it was well:—for so, mid cares of rule

And crime's encircling tide,

A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool

Earth-joy and kingly pride;

(13)

With battle-scene and pageant, prompt to blend

The pale calm spectre of a blame-

less friend.

Ah! had he lived, before Thy throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high

Sure it had snapp'd in twain love's slender band,

So dear in memory;

Paul, of his comrade reft, the warning gives,—

He lives to us who dies, he is but lost who lives.

#### MESSINA.

"Homo sum; humani nil à me alienum puto."

WHY, wedded to the Lord, still yearns my heart

Towards these scenes of ancient heathen fame?

Yet legend hoar, and voice of bard that came

Fixing my restless youth with its sweet art,

And shades of power, and those who bore a part

In the mad deeds that set the world in flame,

So fret my memory here—ah! is it blame?—

That from my eyes the tear is fain to start.

Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise;

'Tis but that sympathy with Adam's race

Which in each brother's history reads its own.

So let the cliffs and seas of this fair place

Be named man's tomb and splendid record-stone,

High hope, pride-stain'd, the course without the prize.

#### OUR FUTURE.

"What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

DID we but see,

When life first open'd, how our journey lay

Between its earliest and its closing day,

Or view ourselves, as we one time shall be,

Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break

The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesu's sake.

But Thou, dear Lord!
Whilst I traced out bright scenes
which were to come,

Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home, Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word;

Wiling me year by year, till I am found

A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound.

#### DAY-LABORERS.

"And He said, It is finished."

One only, of God's messengers to man,

Finish'd the work of grace, which He began;

E'en Moses wearied upon Nebo's height,

Though loth to leave the fight
With the doom'd foe, and yield the
sun-bright land
To Joshua's armèd band.

And David wrought in turn a strenuous part,

Zeal for God's house consuming him in heart;

And yet he might not build, but only bring

Gifts for the Heavenly King;

And these another rear'd, his peaceful son,

Till the full work was done.

#### LIBERALISM.

"Jehu destroyed Baal out of Israel. Howbeit from the sins of Jeroboam Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Bethel, and that were in Dan."

YE can not halve the Gospel of God's grace;

Men of presumptuous heart! I know you well.

Ye are of those who plan that we should dwell,

Each in his tranquil home and holy place;

Seeing the Word refines all natures rude,

And tames the stirrings of the multitude.

And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,

As heralded amid the joyous choirs;

(20)

Ye mark'd it spoke of peace, chastised desires,

Good-will and mercy—and ye heard no more;

But, as for zeal and quick-eyed sanctity,

And the dread depths of grace, ye pass'd them by.

And so ye halve the Truth; for ye in heart,

At best, are doubters whether it be true,

The theme discarding, as unmeet for you,

Statesmen or Sages. O new-compass'd art

Of the ancient Foe!—but what, if it extends

O'er our own camp, and rules amid our friends?

#### ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

PEACE-LOVING man, of humble heart and true!

What dost thou here?

Fierce is the city's crowd; the lordly few

Are dull of ear!

Sore pain it was to thee—till thou didst quit

Thy patriarch-throne at length, as though for power unfit.

So works the All-wise! our services dividing

Not as we ask:

For the world's profit, by our gifts deciding

Our duty-task.

See in king's courts loth Jeremias plead;

And slow-tongued Moses rule by eloquence of deed!

(22)

Yes! thou, bright Angel of the East! didst rear

The Cross divine,

Borne high upon thy liquid accents, where

Men mock'd the Sign;

Till that cold city heard thy battle-cry,

And hearts were stirr'd, and deem'd a Pentecost was nigh.

Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule:—

So, gentle one,

Heaven set thee free—for, ere thy years were full,

Thy work was done;

According thee the lot thou lovedst best,

To muse upon the past—to serve, yet be at rest.

## THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home-

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

(24)

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

#### FAITH AGAINST SIGHT.

"As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be also in the day of the Son of Man."

THE world has cycles in its course, when all

That once has been, is acted o'er again:—

Not by some fated law, which need appal

Our faith, or binds our deeds as with a chain;

But by men's separate sins, which blended still

The same bad round fulfil.

Then fear ye not, though Gallio's scorn ye see,

And soft-clad nobles count you mad, true hearts!

These are the fig-tree's signs;—
rough deeds must be,
(26)

Trials and crimes: so learn ye well your parts.

Once more to plough the earth it is decreed,

And scatter wide the seed.

# VEXATIONS.

Each trial has its weight; which, whoso bears

Knows his own woe, and need of succoring grace;

The martyr's hope half wipes away the trace

Of flowing blood; the while life's humblest cares

Smart more, because they hold in Holy Writ no place.

This be my comfort, in these days of grief,

Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.

Apart from Him, if not a sparrow fail,

May not He pitying view, and send relief

When foes or friends perplex, and peevish thoughts prevail?
(28)

Then keep good heart, nor take the niggard course

Of Thomas, who must see ere he would trust.

Faith will fill up God's word, not poorly just

To the bare letter, heedless of its force,

But walking by its light amid earth's sun and dust.

# THE POWER OF PRAYER.

There is not on the earth a soul so base

But may obtain a place In covenanted grace;

So that his feeble prayer of faith obtains

Some loosening of his chains,

And earnests of the great release, which rise

From gift to gift, and reach at length the eternal prize.

All may save self;—but minds that heavenward tower

Aim at a wider power,

Gifts on the world to shower.

And this is not at once;—by fastings gain'd,

And trials well sustain'd,

By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,

Abidance in the Truth, and zeal for God above.

(30)

# LAUS THURSDAY.

"Lux ecce surgit aurea."

SEE! the golden dawn is glowing, While the paly shades are going, Which have led us far and long In a labyrinth of wrong.

May it bring us peace serene; May it cleanse, as it is clean; Plain and clear our words be spoke, And our thoughts without a cloak;

So the day's account shall stand. Guileless tongue and holy hand, Steadfast eyes and unbeguiled, "Flesh as of a little child."

There is One who from above Watches how the still hours move Of our day of service done, From the dawn to setting sun. To the Father, and the Son, And the Spirit, Three and One, As of old, and as in Heaven, Now and here be glory given.

# PRINCE.

"Jam lucis orto sidere."

Now that the day-star glimmers bright,
We suppliantly pray
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us on our way.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that idly rove; But simple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love.

And, while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguer'd by the foe—
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to Thine honor,
Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end.

(33)

# VESPERS-SUNDAY.

"Lucis Creator optime."

Father of Lights, by whom each day

Is kindled out of night,

Who, when the heavens were made, didst lay

Their rudiments in light;

Thou, who didst bind and blend in one

The glistening morn and evening pale,

Hear Thou our plaint, when light is gone,

And lawlessness and strife prevail.

Hear, lest the whelming weight of crime

Wreck us with life in view; (34)

Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and time

Earn us a sinner's due.

So may we knock at Heaven's door, And strive the immortal prize to win,

Continually and evermore Guarded without and pure within.

# COMPLINE.

"Te lucis ante terminum."

Now that the daylight dies away
By all Thy grace and love,
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
To watch our bed above.

Let dreams depart and phantoms fly,
The offspring of the night,
Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine eye,
Pure in our foe's despite.

This grace on Thy redeem'd confer, Father, Co-equal Son, And Holy Ghost, the Comforter, Eternal Three in One.

# THE DREAM OF GERON-TIUS.

#### GERONTIUS.

JESU, MARIA—I am near to death, And Thou art calling me; I know it now.

Not by the token of this faltering breath,

This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,—

(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)

'Tis this new feeling, never felt before

(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)

That I am going, that I am no more.

Tis this strange innermost abandonment,

(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee),

(37)

And natural force, by which I come to be.

Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant

Is knocking his dire summons at my door,

The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,

Has never, never come to me before;

'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he!....

As though my very being had given way,

As though I was no more a substance now,

And could fall back on nought to be my stay,

(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou),

And turn no whither, but must needs decay

And drop from out the universal frame

Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,

That utter nothingness, of which I came:

This is it that has come to pass in me;

Oh, horror! this it is, my dearest, this;

So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;

And through such waning span
Of life and thought as still has to
be trod,

Prepare to meet thy God.

And while the storm of that bewilderment

Is for a season spent,

And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall, Use well the interval.

#### ASSISTANTS.

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord! Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him! From the sins that are past; From Thy frown and Thine ire; From the perils of dying; From any complying With sin, or denying His God, or relying On self, at the last; From the nethermost fire; From all that is evil: From power of the devil; Thy servant deliver, For once and forever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross, Rescue him from endless loss; By Thy death and burial, Save him from a final fall;

By Thy rising from the tomb, By Thy mounting up above, By the Spirit's gracious love, Save him in the day of doom.

#### GERONTIUS.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus, De profundis oro te, Miserere, Judex meus, Parce mihi, Domine. Firmly I believe and truly God is Three, and God is One; And I next acknowledge duly Manhood taken by the Son. And I trust and hope most fully In that manhood crucified: And each thought and deed unruly Do to death, as He has died. Simply to His grace and wholly Light and life and strength belong, And I love, supremely, solely, Him the holy, Him the strong.

# 42 THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus, De profundis oro te, Miserere, Judex meus, Parce mihi, Domine. And I hold in veneration, For the love of Him alone, Holy Church, as His creation, And her teachings, as His own. And I take with joy whatever Now besets me, pain or fear, And with a strong will I sever All the ties which bind me here. Adoration aye be given, With and through the angelic host. To the God of earth and heaven, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus, De profundis oro te, Miserere, Judex meus, Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more; for now it comes again,

That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,

That masterful negation and collapse

Of all that makes me man; as though I bent

Over the dizzy brink

Of some sheer infinite descent;

Or worse, as though

Down, down forever I was falling through

The solid framework of created things,

And needs must sink and sink

Into the vast abyss. And, crueler still,

A fierce and restless fright begins to fill

The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,

Some bodily form of ill

Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse,

# 44 THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

Tainting the hallow'd air, and laughs, and flaps

Its hideous wings,

And makes me wild with horror and dismay.

### ASSISTANTS.

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,

As of old so many by Thy gracious power:— (Amen.)

Enoch and Elias from the common doom; (Amen.)

Noe from the waters in a saving home; (Amen.)

Abraham from th' abounding guilt of Heathenesse; (Amen.)

Job from all his multiform and fell distress; (Amen.)

Isaac, when his father's knife was raised to slay; (Amen.)

Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment-day; (Amen.)

Moses from the land of bondage and despair; (Amen.)

Daniel from the hungry lions in their lair; (Amen.)

And the Children Three amid the furnace-flame; (Amen.)

Chaste Susanna from the slander and the shame; (Amen.)

David from Goliath and the wrath of Saul; (Amen.)

And the two Apostles from their prison-thrall; (Amen.)

Thecla from her torments; (Amen:)
—so to show Thy power,

Rescue this Thy servant in his evil

#### GERONTIUS.

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep.

The pain has wearied me.... Into Thy hands,

O Lord, into Thy hands. . . . .

#### THE PRIEST.

- Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo!
- Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!
- Go from this world! Go, in the Name of God
- The Omnipotent Father, who created thee!
- Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
- Son of the living God, who bled for thee!
- Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
- Hath been pour'd out on thee!

  Go, in the name
- Of Angels and Archangels; in the name
- Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name
- Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name

- Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!
- Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;
- And of Apostles and Evangelists,
- Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name
- Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name
- Of holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,
- Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;
- And may thy place to-day be found in peace,
- And may thy dwelling be the Holy
  Mount
- Of Sion:—through the Name of Christ, our Lord.

### ANGEL.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,

# 48 THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

But most in man, how wonderful Thou art!

With what a love, what soft persuasive might

Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,

Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,

To fill the throne which angels lost through pride!

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,

Polluted in the blood of his first sire.

With his whole essence shatter'd and unsound,

And coil'd around his heart a demon

Which was not of his nature, but had skill

To bind and form his op'ning mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set aright

The balance in his soul of truth and sin,

And I have waged a long relentless fight,

Resolved that death-environ'd spirit to win,

Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,

Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh, what a shifting particolor'd scene

Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,

Of recklessness and penitence, has been

The history of that dreary, lifelong fray!

And oh, the grace to nerve him and to lead,

How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!

Majesty dwarf'd to baseness! fragrant flower

Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth

Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering power!

Who never art so near to crime and shame.

As when thou hast achieved some deed of name.

. . . . Hark to those sounds! They come of tender beings an-

gelical,

Least and most child-like of the sons of God.

### FIRST CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height, And in the depth be praise:

In all His words most wonderful; Most sure in all His ways!

To us His elder race He gave
To battle and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain,
Without the soil of sin.

The younger son He will'd to be A marvel in His birth: Spirit and flesh his parents were; His home was heaven and earth.

The Eternal bless'd His child, and arm'd,
And sent him hence afar,
To serve as champion in the field

Of elemental war.

To be His Viceroy in the world
Of matter, and of sense;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
A resolute defence.

SECOND CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height, And in the depth be praise: 52 THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

In all His words most wonderful; Most sure in all His ways!

Woe to thee, man! for he was found A recreant in the fight; And lost his heritage of heaven, And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din;
Who once had Angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man! a savage kindred they;
To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope, With aids which chance supplied, From youth to eld, from sire to son, He lived, and toil'd, and died. He dreed his penance age by age; And step by step began Slowly to doff his savage garb, And be again a man.

And quicken'd by the Almighty's breath

And chasten'd by His rod, And taught by angel-visitings, At length he sought his God;

And learn'd to call upon His Name, And in His faith create A household and a father-land, A city and a state.

Glory to Him who from the mire, In patient length of days, Elaborated into life A people to His praise?

THIRD CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height, And in the depth be praise: 54 THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

In all His words most wonderful; Most sure in all His ways!

The Angels, as beseemingly
To spirit-kind was given,
At once were tried and perfected,
And took their seats in heaven.

For them no twilight or eclipse;
No growth and no decay;
'Twas hopeless, all-ingulfing night,
Or beatific day.

But to the younger race there rose A hope upon its fall; And slowly, surely, gracefully, The morning dawn'd on all.

And ages, opening out, divide
The precious, and the base,
And from the hard and sullen mass
Mature the heirs of grace.

#### ANGEL.

We have gain'd the stairs
Which rise towards the Presencechamber; there

A band of mighty Angels keep the way

On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

#### ANGELS OF THE SACRED STAIR.

Father, whose goodness none can know, but they

Who see Thee face to face,

By man hath come the infinite display

Of Thy victorious grace;

But fallen man—the creature of a day—

Skills not that love to trace.

It needs to tell the triumph Thou hast wrought,

An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach of thought.

It needs that very Angel, who with awe,

Amid the garden shade,
The great Creator in His sickness
saw,

Soothed by a creature's aid, And agonized, as victim of the Law Which He Himself had made;

For who can praise Him in His depth and height,

But he who saw Him reel amid that solitary fight?

#### SOUL.

Hark! for the lintels of the presence-gate

Are vibrating and echoing back the strain.

#### FOURTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height, And in the depth be praise; In all His words most wonderful; Most sure in all His ways!

The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord, As if He reckon'd ill, In that He placed His puppet man The frontier place to fill.

For, even in his best estate,
With amplest gifts endued,
A sorry sentinel was he,
A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help Must needs possess a wife, Could cope with those proud rebel hosts Who had angelic life.

And when, by blandishment of Eve, That earth-born Adam fell, 58 THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

He shriek'd in triumph, and he cried,

"A sorry sentinel;

chant.

"The Maker by His word is bound, Escape or cure is none; He must abandon to his doom, And slay His darling son."

#### ANGEL.

And now the threshold, as we traverse it,
Utters aloud its glad responsive

# FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height, And in the depth be praise: In all His words most wonderful; Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God! When all was sin and shame, A second Adam to the fight And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood Which did in Adam fail, Should strive afresh against their foe, Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace Should flesh and blood refine, God's Presence and His very Self, And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He who smote In man for man the foe, The double agony in man For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and
inspire
To suffer and to die.

#### ANGEL.

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come

Into the veiled presence of our God.

#### SOUL.

I go before my Judge. Ah!....

#### ANGEL.

.... Praise to His Name! The eager spirit has darted from my hold,

And, with intemperate energy of love.

Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel; But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity.

Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes

And circles round the Crucified, has seized,

Passive and still before the awful Throne.

O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,

Consumed, yet quicken'd, by the glance of God.

